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TWO DAYS IN MANCHESTER.

I MIGHT, with greater propriety, call them Two Rainy Days in Manchester, for the rain fell pretty nearly without intermission, forming, with the smoke of the many chimneys, that damp bluish kind of atmosphere which seems indigenous to large manufacturing towns. And yet, somehow, I did not mind this aerial peculiarity. I had been invited to attend a series of meetings indicative of vigorous social progress, and with buoyant spirits I looked on the rain, and the smoke, and the wet streets as very unimportant matters. How true that it is the *spirituelle*, not the *physique*, from which the mind draws its true pleasures and consolations!

What a day was the 21st of October to visit parks! But cabs are omnipotent. One of these obliging conveniences carried me with the greatest alacrity from point to point, through long lines of street, down and up lanes, and along open pieces of road in sundry directions, so as to afford me what I had long wished to have—a look of the now somewhat famous parks of Manchester. Although one should no more visit fields than buy fowls in a rainy day, I think that, on the whole, I obtained a tolerably accurate notion of these places of public resort; perhaps better than could have been procured in more favourable weather; for I learned from eyesight that, even during the rain, these parks are resorted to by workmen during their leisure time. It is certainly something to know that mechanics, glad of recreation, will play at nine-pins under an ungenial sky, in preference to indulging in what would seem the more seasonable attractions of the tap.

My first visit was to the Peel Park. This is situated in Salford, within the western environs, on the banks of the Irwell, and is the nearest of the three parks to the centre of the town. In this direction factories are not thickly set down, and the air is therefore purer, as well as the district more open, than is the case in other quarters. Driving along the street towards the outskirts of the town, we find the entrance to the park, the approach on the right-hand side with its porter's lodge, resembling the gate of a gentleman's grounds. Formerly, the place—Lark Hill—was private property, and a large brick mansion-house stands within the enclosure, on the edge of a bank which overlooks the lower division of the park. The grounds extend altogether to thirty-two acres, which cost £10,375—something like the original value of the house, which is included in the bargain. By an arrangement with a coterminous proprietor, the park may hereafter receive an addition of fifty-five acres. In its present dimensions, however, it offers considerable space for walking and out-door sports. Broad gravelled promenades wind round and across the grounds; here and there are clumps of trees and shrubs; adjoining

the Irwell are several cleared and levelled spaces for bowls and other games; and elsewhere are poles and other gymnastic apparatus. The central part is mostly a flat green expanse, suitable for the gambols of children; and along the borders, at intervals, are flowers, and some interesting exotic plants. Not the least of the beauties of the park is its diversity of surface. The upper part, near the entrance, is seventy feet higher than the lawn beyond; and from the walk on the woody eminence an agreeable view is obtained of the distant country, and also of the Irwell, which makes one of its most remarkable bends round a grassy meadow opposite the grounds. When the trees and shrubs in the parterres are more fully grown, the charm of the prospect will of course be considerably enhanced. Bad as the day was when I visited the park, there were, as I have hinted, two or three parties of workmen pursuing games on the spaces near the river; and some children, making a wondrously successful effort to be merry, were most energetically playing about the swings, the poles, and the see-saws. The spectacle of recreation in circumstances so unpropitious, suggested an evident want in these otherwise complete pleasure-grounds—I mean some kind of shelter, beneath which those who resort to the park might find refuge during showery weather; and if to this shelter were added a reading-room on a humble and easily-supported scale, I should consider that a great purpose of public utility had been fulfilled. Yet, at the outset, one should not grumble over deficiencies, or expect too much to be done. Time will develop and also supply what is wanted; the thing advancing to perfection according to the degree of estimation in which it is held by the working-classes and their families.

From the Peel Park we drove to the Queen's Park, the ride taking us through Manchester in a north-easterly direction, and finally bringing us to the second milestone on the Rochdale road. At this distance the town is left behind, and we may be said to be in the country, with views of green fields and trees in different directions; although, as I imagined, rather far from town, it appears that the park is advantageously situated for the nearer and more densely-peopled suburbs, to whose toiling and pent-up inhabitants it offers a convenient resort. The Rochdale road bounds the whole east side of the park; and entering by the nearest gateway, I found that the ground sloped thence by easy gradations towards a species of ravine on the west. Like the park I had previously visited, this had formerly been a gentleman's pleasure-ground, the well-built stone mansion still remaining within the enclosures. The general appearance was less raw than that of the Peel Park. Previous to its conversion to public uses, the park was ornamented with well-grown timber, and the walks and shrubberies had attained a

mature and agreeable aspect. The ground also possesses much natural beauty. From the banks, which decline from the higher eminence, there are extensive prospects over the valley of the Irk, which flows obscurely in the gorge on the further boundary. The drives and walks, which go round or diagonally cross the park, disclose numerous pretty spots, decorated as flower-gardens, or embellished with ponds and rills of water. Seats are placed at convenient distances; and on one side are the same kind of cleared spaces for bowls and gymnasia as are observable in the Peel Park. A May-pole is erected on the lawn in front of the house; while in this, as in the other parks, there are separate playgrounds for girls, where skipping-ropes, battledore, and swings may be freely enjoyed.

I need hardly say that I was much pleased with the beauty of this well-laid-out pleasure-ground, which includes a space of thirty acres, and, with the mansion-house—Hardham Hall—cost £7250.

The Philips Park, which completes the trio, formed the last object of pilgrimage, and involved another long ride through the town. The distance is said to be nearly two miles east of the Exchange; but, nevertheless, within the environs of the park is a population of at least fifty thousand, chiefly of the classes most needing the advantages of a public place of the kind. The approach is somewhat awkward, and will require amendment; but when once gained, the park is found to be more bold and varied in surface than the others, consisting of high knolls, with much broken ground, and a pretty little natural amphitheatre sloping down to the river Medlock. The greater part of the area is laid out as an open pleasure, divided by two foot-paths into three spaces, and these again intersected by a rivulet, which is here and there collected into ponds, and crossed by rustic bridges. In their previous condition the grounds had few trees, and consequently the surface will exhibit a somewhat bare aspect until the young plantations come up. In the lower division, or amphitheatre, are situated the usual gymnasia and spots for out-door games. The entire extent of the Philips Park is thirty-one acres, and the cost, including a few buildings, was £7300.

Another park, I understand, has been projected, at a suitable distance from the others, but its purchase remains in abeyance for lack of funds. What has been achieved, however, does infinite credit to Manchester and its inhabitants. The scheme of establishing public parks for the free resort of the community was set on foot in June 1844, and in August 1846 the grounds I have spoken of were opened, and handed over in trust to the civic corporations of Manchester and Salford. Never before was such munificence displayed for any public or philanthropic object. Five individuals or firms contributed a thousand pounds each, the list being headed by Sir Robert Peel; and five thousand pounds were contributed by other ten parties. Twenty-two thousand pounds were contributed by general subscription, making a total of £32,000 gathered in this way; and this sum, increased by a grant of £3000 from a fund sanctioned by parliament, enabled the committee of management to make the requisite purchases and outlays.

I am almost sorry that this noble effort was in any respect indebted to funds at the disposal of government; so much more creditable is it to help ourselves than to seek assistance from others; and least of all did Manchester, with its wealth and its intelligence, need any such aid. If there be any excuse, it consists in the

many useful institutions which the town ungrudgingly supports—the many things it has lately done in the way of physical and social improvement. It was no doubt a sort of jubilee of the feelings that attracted me to this vast hive of industry; yet I had reason to perceive that good deeds are no mere holiday parade of the men of Manchester. Lancashire, altogether, is a remarkable section of England, and deserves to be better known and spoken of than has hitherto been its fate. With manufacturing industry is usually associated the idea of narrow intellect and grovelling habits; but a few days' residence in Manchester would dispel all such fancies. In this and the surrounding district there is a larger demand for literature and objects of taste than in any part of England out of the metropolis. The race of cotton lords, who avouched being guiltless of having ever read a book, are either gone, like the non-reading squire of ancient date, or are becoming daily more scarce. The middle-aged and young minds of Manchester are fortunately of a different stamp; and as a taste for improvement proceeds in an increasing ratio, it may be said that few youths would now be seen addicting themselves to the exploded indulgences of their fathers.

A very considerable impetus to public improvement appears to have been given by the establishment of a mayorality and town-council on the usual plan. Long was the introduction of such a civic administration matter for vexatious dispute; but now, I believe, every one is satisfied. The corporation has done wonders. Formerly, the town was a confused jumble of narrow streets and antique lanes, with little to admire in architecture. The clearing up has been prodigious. Various new streets are opened, others are in contemplation, and handsome stone edifices are everywhere starting into existence. Any one can see that much remains to be done for sanitary improvement; yet how gratifying to observe the steps already in progress to render the town not only commodious, but healthy. Nor are the means adopted to effect beneficial improvements less commendable. The civic corporation, by manufacturing gas for the town, and supplying it at a moderate price, realises a profit of £30,000 annually, the greater part of which sum is devoted to the renovation of the public thoroughfares and buildings.

In Liverpool I had the satisfaction of seeing a suite of baths and wash-houses for the humbler orders in full operation, and now found that Manchester was not behind in this movement. After visiting the public parks, I went to the bath establishment, which occupies a large building near Arkwright's old mill, and in the midst of a population to whom it cannot but prove peculiarly serviceable. The concern, though new, is already popular and well supported. We found twenty women at as many tubs, besides several occupied in drying clothes and other duties. The establishment *pays*, as does that at Liverpool; and I have no doubt that these are but the beginning of hundreds of similar concerns elsewhere.

Twenty-second of October. Still rain—raining and looking from the windows of the Albion, I could not but pity the poor hacks, with dripping tails and downcast countenances, as they stood waiting with meek patience calls for their services. It was a day for cabs, and numbers were in requisition to carry strangers like myself hither and thither to the different meetings. First on the list was an assemblage at the early hour of nine, for the twofold object of breakfast and a skirmish of speaking, preliminary to the great oratorical battue

in the evening. To this I adjourned, and soon found myself in the midst of a number of gentlemen, all friends of the cause of social advancement, among whom I recognised the tall form of the archbishop of Dublin.

Nearly fifty gentlemen sat down to breakfast; the chair being occupied by Mr Mark Philips, member of parliament for the town, and in honour of whom one of the public parks has been named. Mr Philips is a jolly English gentleman—frank in language and manners, and a good specimen, I should suppose, of the accomplished Lancashire manufacturer. In an intelligent and good-humoured speech after the breakfast things had been removed, he explained the special object of the meeting, which was a desire on the part of the directors of the Athenæum to bring together the various gentlemen who had come to attend their annual festival, and make them acquainted with each other. It was also desirable that all should be acquainted with the nature and prospects of the institution to which he referred. The Athenæum was designed as a comprehensive means for intellectual and moral improvement—a solace amidst the toils and drudgeries of life. This large institution, as it was specially intended for, was also solely supported by the people; nor was he aware that the support and countenance of royalty or of government could intrinsically make it a more valuable or more worthy establishment. 'The men of Manchester had been taught to rely mainly on themselves and on their own efforts, and it had struck him that no other town in the kingdom could afford more ample illustration of the success of that principle than the town of Manchester itself. They did not expect to be complimented by the strangers who might visit them, and whom curiosity might prompt to come to Manchester, on the architectural beauty of the town, on the width of the streets, or on the conducting of the sewerage, and of their other municipal regulations. But this he had the pleasure of communicating, that there was a great progress making in all these matters; and they were becoming sensibly alive to the importance of conducting the public affairs of a great community of this kind, not merely with reference to the benefit and the convenience of the inhabitants, but with reference to the health of the great community. While they were attending to the external comforts of the people, he hoped it would not be considered, by those who visited their institutions, that they were neglecting the cultivation of their minds. He believed that the Manchester Athenæum would prove one of the greatest benefits to the town; and he had only to say that, as it was supported entirely by their own means, without any external aid, it was a most gratifying proof of what could be done by combination, by good feeling, and with a good object in view.' These sentiments were of course greatly applauded.

Mr James Edwards, chairman of the Board of Directors, now read a report of the state of affairs, from which I gathered the following gratifying particulars:—

The Manchester Athenæum was a great association, chiefly young men engaged in commercial pursuits. As in some measure supplementary to a mechanics' institution which already existed, and was in a flourishing condition, it afforded the means of rational improvement and recreation to a large and miscellaneous body of individuals at an inconsiderable expense. To Manchester there came many young men, without friends, without introductions, without any means of spending leisure hours agreeably and harmlessly, and for these the Athenæum was specially intended, and to them it proved of the greatest value. The institution, which now occupied a commodious building, opened for its use in 1839, had encountered various difficulties; but all these it had got successfully over by energetic and economical management, a lowering of fees of admission, and the munificent liberality of friends. At the termination of 1843, the first year of the low rate of admission (twenty-five shillings annually), the number of subscribing members was 1373, being an increase of 146 over the numbers at

any period since its establishment. [The number of members is now 2600.] Culture of the mind, and harmless recreation during leisure hours, are the chief objects of the association; and these are promoted by a reading or news-room, a library, and popular lectures. 'The library,' continued Mr Edwards, 'has now upwards of 13,000 volumes, and it is a most gratifying fact, that the demand for standard works of a high order has been gradually increasing during the last three years to a very great extent, whilst, during the same period, works of a lighter character have been, comparatively speaking, very little sought after. This pleasing fact must cause the friends of the institution to rejoice that so decided an improvement is taking place in the minds of the young men of Manchester. The deliveries of books from the library exceed five hundred daily.

The delivery of lectures being a new feature in this town, it was found exceedingly difficult to engage lecturers who would command even a fair audience, excepting upon music, which is a subject exceedingly popular; and I consider that I am not saying too much in praise of the town of Manchester, when I assert that music is more studied, more highly appreciated, and better understood by its inhabitants, than in any other town in the United Kingdom. Lectures are delivered twice each week during the winter months, by eminent men, on various topics; for upwards of two years the attendances have been very numerous; and I feel warranted in stating that this branch of the institution is now more highly appreciated than at any period since its existence.

The news-room is supplied with one hundred and seventy [copies of] daily, and many weekly newspapers, of all shades of political and religious opinions, including the leading foreign journals. There are tables appropriated to periodical literature, and provided with upwards of one hundred copies of various quarterly, monthly, and other reviews and magazines, comprising the best periodical literature of the day. The books, which are admitted monthly, are allowed to remain upon these tables fourteen days, to give all an opportunity of seeing them prior to their being placed upon the shelves of the library for circulation.

The Gymnastic Club is a branch of the institution that may be considered one of its principal supports, as it numbers amongst its members some of the steadiest adherents to the Athenæum. During the summer months the exercises are carried on in a field about a mile from the institution, where the healthful recreation of cricket, archery, quoits, and other out-door amusements are enjoyed; and in the winter season the room appropriated to gymnastic exercises is nightly crowded.

The Essay and Discussion Society has existed since very soon after the opening of the Athenæum, and has been a very prominent feature of the institution. Its meetings are held once a fortnight during the winter season, when an essay is read by one of the members, and afterwards a discussion takes place. Such meetings must have a very beneficial effect upon the members, as it is a stimulus to them to store their minds with valuable knowledge, to enable them to take part in these discussions; and it may be the instrument in bringing forward some of its members to advocate the interests of their fellow-creatures on public occasions, which probably might not have been the case had they not been members of the Athenæum Essay and Discussion Society. The attendances on all occasions are very numerous, including a sprinkling of the fair sex, and it is confidently anticipated that each succeeding meeting will add to its strength, and make it an advocate of intellectual and moral energy, as well as a means of mutual improvement.' To these statements it should be added, that the Athenæum is open to young women as well as young men; but they confine themselves to the use of the library and attendance on the lectures.

Of the complimentary, though not uninteresting, speeches which followed the delivery of the report, nothing need be said. It was noon before the affair broke

up, and then it was time to hurry off to a public meeting in the town-hall. This meeting was not connected with the Athenæum: it was an effort to rouse general feeling on the establishment of schools of refuge and industry for beggar children, on the plan so admirably carried out by Sheriff Watson and other authorities in Aberdeen. Taking a deep interest in this social question—feeling almost impressed with the conviction that such schools must cut up crime at its roots, and very materially alter the face of society—I was desirous of aiding, however feebly, in the establishment of an Industrial School on a proper footing in Manchester, and consequently attended on the present occasion. From what I had heard and seen in London, as well as Liverpool, the English people did not appear to be well-instructed on the nature of this species of institution. The general idea seems to be that of getting up Ragged Schools—a bad designation, applied to evening or Sunday schools on the ordinary plan—for a few hours of gratuitous instruction, and no more. The true kind of school wanted in large towns is one to which children shall be marched by the police on being found begging in the streets—begging uniformly leading to pilfering, and the higher class of crimes. And being so captured, they shall be treated kindly, fed, instructed, and put to some kind of light employment; the whole, however, being sent home at night to their parents. Supposing the English likely to set up schools of this useful kind, the danger consists in their making them too fine, too attractive, thereby injuring the regular educational establishments, and indiscriminately pauperising parents. Views of this kind I endeavoured to impress on the large and respectable audience, and I should hope that schools on the Aberdeen model, and no others, will soon be put in active operation in Manchester. Mr Watkins, the mayor, who occupied the chair, and other influential gentlemen at the meeting, seemed at least earnestly disposed to commence and support a school of this nature; the want of such an institution, as may be supposed, being greatly felt.

Little time elapsed between the termination of this interesting meeting and the evening assemblage or *soirée* in the Free-Trade Hall. This was much the grandest affair of all—a holiday show; and, like all shows, was not perhaps without its fair share of clap-trap and make-believe. Yet it will not do to be too wise and too critical in such matters. If a great end—the popularising and maintenance of a useful institution—be attainable only by a festive exhibition once a-year, why not be festive? Merriment and show are good in their way; excesses only are reprehensible. The first glimpse I had of the well-filled array of the Free-Trade Hall, looking down on the gay assemblage from the amphitheatre or platform at one end, convinced me that I had never before seen anything half so imposing or magnificent. People who have not seen the hall can have little idea of its dimensions. With a brilliantly-lighted roof, supported on two rows of slender pillars, its floor extends 136 feet in length by 105 feet in breadth, but including platform and galleries, it covers an area of 1889 square yards. The whole space was on this occasion filled by ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, the number of persons present being considerably above five thousand. Vast, however, as was the meeting, all were commodiously seated, and nowhere was there anything like crowding.

The proceedings of the evening commenced by Lord Morpeth taking the chair at a little after seven o'clock; his seat being somewhat elevated above the others on the platform. As the newspapers of the day have, weeks ago, dispersed ample reports of the speeches of his lordship and those who succeeded him, all I require to say is, that the sentiments, which were of a cheering yet admonitory nature, founded on good wishes for the continued success of the Athenæum, appeared to give universal satisfaction. I never saw an assemblage so much disposed to be pleased or to be indulgent; a circumstance worth mentioning, for I am sure not a third

of the audience could hear the greater part of what was said—the platform appearances could, to the greater number, be little better than a pantomime. The chairman's final and good-humoured recommendation, to be very merry, was the signal for breaking up. In a few minutes the seats were removed, the floor cleared, and to the lively strains of the orchestra five hundred couples were set a-jigging—a multitude orderly in their disorder—a scene brilliant as any ever described in the pages of eastern romance.

The hall, however, was in duplicate. While the Free-Trade Hall absorbed one moiety of the company, the other adjourned to the theatre, which, connected by temporary erections and corridors, was also fitted up for dancing, and exhibited an equally gay assemblage. Of the vast quantities of refreshments prepared for and used on the occasion, I cannot venture to speak, neither can I do justice to the music or the hilarity which generally prevailed. Let it only be known to those who had the misfortune not to be present, that the *soirée*, in all its departments, went off with all possible *éclat*, and contributed, as on previous occasions, to insure the popularity of the Athenæum.

Twenty-third of October. The sun shines out in his wonted splendour. How provoking! The rain is gone, and I must follow. It was saddening to break away from so many new and kind friends; and I believe I only escaped by promising to give them ere long 'Another Day in Manchester.'

CARY WHARTON.

A BACKWOOD SKETCH.*

BY FERCY B. ST JOHN.

CARY, or, more properly, Caroline Wharton, was the beauty of Matagorda, which, considering that there were, out of some four hundred inhabitants, little more than ten per cent. women, is paying her but a limited compliment; but, both relatively and in reality, she was beautiful, with all the grace and winning ways of a young and accomplished American girl, who did not set up to rival Parisian ladies in her costume, nor despise everything which was not imported from Europe. Cary Wharton was, therefore, charming, and an heiress, besides, to the magnificent estates of the major her father, who owned half the township. With all these varied advantages, it is therefore not wonderful that at one time most of the unmarried men in the place were candidates for the favour of her hand, and that she owned as many subjects as there were susceptible hearts within fifty miles, which in Texas is no very considerable round. So vast a body of suitors argues always one of two things: great insensibility on the part of the lady, or much of coquetry. To this serious fault, we may say in many instances crime, Cary Wharton would have pleaded 'not guilty,' but the unanimous verdict of maid, man, or matron jury would have been 'guilty.'

Yes; with all her great and manifold graces, the heiress of Burensville—so was her father's estate called—united the opposite quality of allowing any number of men to dangle at her side, giving preference to none, and seeming encouragement to all. The southerners are proverbially gay, and fond of balls, parties, pic-nics, &c.; nor were the Matagordians at all slow in keeping up the national character. It was on these occasions that Cary's numerous followers were made publicly manifest, and that she seemed to shine in all her glory; though we should be only using a word some few shades too strong if we said in all her shame! The affection which leads ultimately to union through life with one of another sex, which places woman in the prospective light of wife and mother, is a sacred thing; and

* This sketch is founded on facts which occurred about four years since at Matagorda, in Texas. The circumstances are well known in that country.

making it one of the amusements of the passing hour, is deserving of severer condemnation than we are inclined at present to venture on. With Cary the result was natural, and in accordance with all rule. After two years' residence in Matagorda, she found herself reduced to two admirers—the rest having wearied of the pursuit, some from fear of disappointment, others from utter hopelessness. Paul Dalton and Edward Knox were the two rivals who contended for her hand; the former an officer in the republican navy, the latter a young lawyer with very excellent prospects. Two more opposite characters are rarely placed in juxtaposition. Dalton, quick, ardent, and impetuous, full of courage, and even daring, fond of doing things which nobody else ever thought of attempting, presented the most perfect contrast to the quiet, unassuming, but clever and devoted lawyer, whose anxiety to succeed in his profession was only equalled by his desire to share his success with Cary. Both were disappointed with the then state of Texas, and determined that, as soon as their love-suit was brought to an end, they would return to the more congenial sphere of action presented by the northern states, where talent and industry is always rewarded. Both had sought the lady's favour for some time; Paul by loud and merry talk of himself and his deeds, by endeavouring on all occasions to prove himself a brave, gallant, and smart fellow; Edward, in a more quiet manner, by gentle and unobtrusive attentions, by sending books and papers for the heiress to read, and, in short, by all those nameless nothings which constitute a lover's art.

Which had succeeded in gaining Cary's favour, or if, indeed, either of them was to consider himself more fortunate than the other, was still doubtful, and indeed might have long remained so, but for the course of events which took various turns on a certain 4th of July of glorious memory. This anniversary, sacred to every American, was at Matagorda to be celebrated by a review in the day, and a ball at night, according to the received usage. Cary, of course, was to be a prominent character, and accordingly, at an early hour, crossed from the opposite side of the bay where her father dwelt, and entering a rude vehicle, drawn by two as rude ponies of the prairies, proceeded to view the military display. By her side was Paul Dalton, mounted on a showy horse, while Edward Knox took up a position at the head of a volunteer company which he commanded. Now this was an occasion which rarely occurred, as the rivals were generally in presence together, and Paul was as much elated as Edward was vexed. Indeed, but that Cary Wharton gave him no encouragement to dismount and seat himself beside her, there is no doubt the gallant son of Neptune would have ventured a declaration on the strength of the opportunity; but in vain he looked beseechingly at the seat, complained of the badness of his saddle, of the restiveness of his nag: Cary heard him unmoved. Edward, meanwhile, several times excited the ire of Major Wharton, the commander, by his unusual blunders—he on all other occasions the pink of volunteer officers; while the Stopping Hawk, a young Indian chief, much attached to the young lawyer, could not forbear schooling him upon the point.

At length the review was over, and Edward, released from his irksome duties, entered into a brief conversation with the Stopping Hawk, to whom he freely explained the cause of his mistakes. The Indian smiled, half in pity, half in contempt; and bidding him dangle no longer after a pale-faced girl, but speak his mind at once, said, in parting, 'Talk to the gray-beard; ask him for the young lily; he has a tongue, and knows what he wants. The rose of the whites is very beautiful, but she has two faces.'

'Hawk!' replied Edward somewhat sharply, 'I cannot hear you talk thus; Cary is a sacred subject with me.'

'Good!' exclaimed the chief coldly; 'white man hot; but if White Rose not two faces, why have two lovers? Two-face girl make bad squaw.'

Edward Knox turned away, being too sensible of the

truth of what the young chief said to dispute the matter with him. But a few minutes brought him to the presence of Cary Wharton, in the contemplation of whose speaking eyes and lovely features, in listening to whose jocund laugh and quiet sensible remarks on the events of the day, he quite forgot for a while that she could, as the Indian said, have 'two faces.' Edward knew well that a girl is not to blame because many wooers come; but the fault was, she encouraged two, which was deceiving both. The party at dinner, which took place at the Lone Star Hotel, the vast barn of which had been fitted up as a ball-room, consisted of Major and Cary Wharton, with the two rivals. The conversation was general and varied, though both lovers were intently thinking on one important question—who was first to dance with Cary. Neither liked to ask so soon, and yet both feared the propitious moment might slip by. At length, when a pause in the dialogue left an opening, Paul Dalton, following his usual somewhat reckless method, said, 'I say, Knox, a pica-yune for your thoughts. You are thinking of asking Miss Wharton's hand; so am I. Well, I'll toss you for the first dance.'

'Sir!' said Cary, evidently much outraged, while Major Wharton, who was rather thick-headed, allowed the idea to enter his head that he ought to kick the offender out of the room. Before, however, it had effected a lodgment, his daughter had quietly settled the matter. 'Sir,' said she, 'I think I have had quite enough of you all day, and I mean, therefore, myself to ask Mr Knox to open the ball with me.'

Paul bit his lip, and looked offended, while a rich smile of pleasure illumined the face of Edward. 'Go thy ways for a canting, sneaking lawyer,' muttered Paul in his wrath, as Edward escorted Miss Cary to the door; 'you may dance if you will, but Paul Dalton shall win the bride, and that ere a week be over.' And complacently looking back to Cary's kind manner all day, he made up his mind to have a decision that evening.

The ball was opened by Cary and Edward, who, emboldened by the preference which his fair partner had shown at the dinner-table, ventured to speak much plainer than he had ever done before his hopes, his wishes, his feelings. He was met, as usual, by playful disbelief in his protestations, by declarations of being perfectly heart-whole, and even by the faintest implied suggestion that how could he, considering another—and here Cary blushed, and did not conclude the sentence. For Edward, this was enough. He was manly straightforwardness and truth himself, and he fully understood that Miss Wharton was engaged, and at once determined to cease all further pursuit where his case was hopeless. The Stopping Hawk, who stood near the door gazing curiously at the scene, saw the deep dejection with which he quitted her side, and remarked it to him. Drawing his Indian friend away from the festivities, Edward explained all, and added that with Cary Wharton he had done for ever. The Indian, between a grunt and a laugh, hoped it was so; and they parted, Edward Knox to seek his quiet home, the chief to return to his village, which was situated about two miles from Matagorda.

Paul Dalton was now in his glory. Certain encouraging words on the part of Cary in the morning reverted strongly to his memory, while the precipitate retreat of his rival tended further to encourage him. He could not but feel that Edward had been dismissed; and if so, what stood between him and happiness? Accordingly, he danced with his fair partner with high glee, spoke to the major, and received his free permission to propose; and in order to facilitate the operation, was allowed the inestimable felicity of seeing Miss Wharton home when the ball was over. As the major was heartily tired, this was no great favour after all. In no country are women rated so high as in America, and accordingly in no country are they left so much to protect themselves. There was nothing whatever out of the way in a young man like Dalton seeing a young lady home, even though

it was past midnight, and accordingly no remark was made when they left the ball-room, and—certainly to Cary's surprise—prepared to perform the journey in Dalton's canoe.

It was a beautiful night. Not a ripple moved the surface of the bay, which shone in translucent splendour beneath the light of the waning moon. Miss Wharton felt the influence of the hour, and was silent; perhaps she knew from Paul's manner that her fate was nearer being decided than she before expected; perhaps she thought with regret of Edward Knox. They entered the graceful boat, and Dalton bent to the oars with zest, until they reached the very centre of the bay; he then paused, and allowed the boat to drift slowly out to sea. Cary trembled; her little heart went pit-a-pat; for she could no more, in that mighty temple of God, with myriad starry eyes shining down upon her, have equivocated as she had done in the ball-room, amid the factitious glare of oil-lamps, than she could have changed her whole nature.

She was not mistaken. Paul Dalton had chosen this singular time and place for his declaration, and he made it in terms of warm and ardent devotion. He was firmly and calmly rejected, in tones which left him not a doubt of the speaker's sincerity. For some minutes he was silent, then he spoke—and let every trifle with a man's heart remember his words. 'Miss Wharton, a man is ever hopeful. When he is not discouraged openly and straightforwardly by a woman, he will always have hope. He always should have hope, if he thinks well of her sex. No woman can say with truth that a lover's declaration came on her unexpectedly. It never did. No woman ever received the offer of a man's hand, with hope on his part, who had not encouraged him. Miss Wharton, for more than a year you have kept me in a fond, a delusive dream. I have lived but in the hope of your love, and now you must marry me.' Astonished, confounded at this change in her lover's tone, Cary answered pettishly that she was not to be schooled. Dalton, who was lividly pale, replied, 'In life or in death we shall be united;' and he quietly drew forth the plug from the bottom of the boat, which served to drain it when on shore, and the canoe began to fill with water. 'You have ten minutes to decide. Swear solemnly to be mine, and I will return the plug; refuse, and the boat will fill with water, and both be drowned.' Now it was that Cary felt her folly. That she had for more than a year, without ever intending to accept him, led Dalton into hope, she knew well. She had therefore but to trust to his mercy; she could not deny his accusation. She had, however, no time for speech; for at that instant a huge Indian canoe, filled with warriors, shot alongside, and, ere either could resist, made them prisoners.

Both were petrified with astonishment, and Dalton with rage; for his mad hope of depriving others of any chance of wedding her who had refused him was thus frustrated; and it is believed by all who knew him that he fully intended to have carried his threat into execution. The Indians spoke not, but impelling their boat with energy, soon reached the shore, some miles above the residence of Major Wharton, who, ignorant of the events occurring, was sleeping off the fatigues of the day. The spot chosen for landing was a thick wood, where a huge deserted shanty served as an extempore camp. In this, in separate rooms, Cary and Paul were confined until morning. Neither slept. Miss Wharton revolving in her mind her wonderful escape from death, and the singularity of her capture by the Indians, while Dalton brooded moodily over the probable triumph of his rival, whose friend, the Stooping Hawk, he felt quite sure had prevented the completion of his dreadful purpose. Paul Dalton was, therefore, utterly miserable; his evil passions, awakened by the folly of Cary, having now full sway. If she at once, in the early stage of their acquaintance, had let him see his attentions were vain, so foul a thought as that of suicide and murder would never have crossed his mind.

Morning dawned, and with its earliest summons Cary and Paul were led forth into the presence of the Stooping Hawk, his band of painted warriors, and a minister of the gospel, who stood a puzzled and perplexed spectator. Paul looked around him in surprise, while Cary, who, as she thought, saw through it all, stood indignant and disgusted.

'Father,' said the Indian chief mildly, 'these two pale-faces wish to be married. You are a medicine-man of the whites; unite them.'

'I protest against the whole proceeding. Cannot it be done in a regular way? Am I to be dragged out of my bed—'

Several of the Indians laid their hands on their shining knives, and the priest was silent.

'It is useless,' cried Cary; 'I will never consent—never. Paul Dalton, this is unworthy of you.'

'I declare, Miss Wharton, that I am as ignorant as you of what this means.'

'Ugh!' exclaimed the Indian firmly; 'talk no good. Father, begin. White girl no speak truth. She love Paul Dalton. Indian hear her say so.'

'Can this—is this true?' cried Paul.

'Lay again,' said Cary proudly, 'that no power on earth shall compel me to marry Paul Dalton.'

'Why?' inquired the Indian.

As Cary replied not, he continued, 'Red man master here, and he say white couple shall be married. White Lily choose. Marry Paul Dalton, or go to the wigwam of the Indian chief. White Lily make good squaw.'

'I am in your power, Indian,' said Cary; 'do as you will.'

'White Lily speak truth—would she refuse to marry Edward Knox?'

Miss Wharton started, her eyes flashed indignantly, and advancing towards the Indian, she cried, 'I see it all. Mr Edward Knox has employed you to wring from me some declaration in his favour. Tell him he has taken wrong means—'

'Edward Knox all truth—he speak for himself—he know nothing of what Indian do. All Indian plan.'

The tone of the chief admitted of no doubt, and Cary Wharton saw at once the true object of the red-skin. Drawing him aside, she said, 'Stooping Hawk will believe the White Lily. She has learned much in one night. She sees his object clearly. The Indian is Edward's friend, but he will be the White Lily's also. Promise never to breathe one word of what has passed to-night to living soul, to take Cary home to her father, and if Edward Knox ever asks the hand of Cary Wharton, she will not say no,' and Cary, blushing, bowed her little head; then continued, 'but, Indian, he must not know this. Cary must at least have the pleasure of telling him herself.'

The delighted chief, who loved Edward as a brother, promised everything she asked, and even to secure the silence of others; and then giving her a skiff and two red-skin boatmen, despatched her at once to her father's house, which she reached long before any one was up.

Paul and the minister having been solemnly cautioned by Stooping Hawk to keep silence, were then liberated, and the chief, delighted with his errand, hastened towards the abode of Edward Knox. He was up, and at breakfast, pale and downcast, but calm, as he brought to his mind many sources of consolation. He loved Cary Wharton sincerely, but not selfishly. His was a manly, generous love, which sought the happiness of its object more than its own. He remembered, too, that he had a widowed mother and orphan sisters, who were far away, and who would be delighted at his return; who would welcome him with joy, and make a jubilee in York county, Massachusetts, at his taking possession of his father's home and business-connection, which he had left, deluded by the *ignis-fatuus* of Texas. He resolved, therefore, to depart, and at once. At this period of his cogitations the Indian entered. The greeting was cordial, and then Edward explained his plans. The

Indian grunted, but made no opposition. He then said, 'Go—say good-by, White Lily.'

'No,' faltered Edward; 'I would rather not.'

'White man mad. Indian say go. Perhaps White Lily change her mind.'

There was something like a tone of confidence in the Indian's manner which made Edward's heart leap. He looked inquiringly at him, but his face was stolidity itself. Upon the hint, however, he acted, and to his great surprise the Stooping Hawk accompanied him on his visit.

It was afternoon ere they reached the picturesque mansion of Burensville, and as they wound their way down a hillock in front of its door, Edward saw Cary walking alone in a grove beside the house, which could be reached from that side. In a few minutes he was by her side. Cary had seen them approach, and conceiving, from the Indian's presence, that the young man came in triumph to accept her acknowledged love, she stood proudly and haughtily awaiting his coming. He saw this, and his whole manner was even more despondent and deferential than usual. Cary felt that the Indian had not betrayed her.

'I come, Miss Wharton,' said Edward, 'to bid you good-by. I am weary of Texas, and wish to return at once to the United States. The charm which has bound me here so long was last night rudely broken.'

'Edward Knox,' said Cary, with an affectation of solemnity, 'I have a great mind, in revenge for being called rude, to say Good-by, God bless you. But,' added the arch girl, blushing, and gently bowing her head, 'I will say, Don't go, Edward. If you do, you will leave one sad heart behind.'

'Cary,' cried the young man, 'may I—'

'Don't interrupt, sir. It is of no use my disguising from myself that you love me; and that you are not indifferent to me, I am afraid yonder red-skin can prove too clearly for me to deny it.'

'Cary,' again cried the lawyer, who was so overcome, as to be anything but fit for a cross-examination, 'to what do I owe this happiness?'

'To Heaven, Edward, if it be happiness, which in one night has changed me, and made of a giddy girl a woman. Listen.' And in a few rapid sentences she told her night's adventures, to which Edward Knox listened with gravity and pain, until his friend Stooping Hawk was introduced, when he could not forbear a smile.

'At what do you laugh, dear Edward?' said Cary Wharton.

'At the Indian, dear Cary. He loves me as a brother; and I am quite sure intended, for my advantage, to wring from you an acknowledgment of affection to be used against you. Well, I must confess, though it was a strange proceeding, we have both much to thank him for.'

That day Edward Knox dined with Cary and her father, and after dinner 'popped the question' to the major, who, though he had an indistinct recollection of having promised his daughter to some one else the night before, yet, as Cary was on the present suitor's side, he shook his future son-in-law's hand, and expressed himself highly delighted. About a month after, Major Wharton and Mr and Mrs Edward Knox started for York town, Massachusetts, having sold all they had in Texas, and Edward realised the picture of his reception on his return. Nor was he any the less welcome because he brought with him a wife. He at once, from his wealth and talents, took a high position; and we have no doubt, whenever a vacancy occurs, will be returned to Congress, there to make his eloquence and sound sense available. The Stooping Hawk returned to Upper Texas, where Edward has promised to visit him often, when he can find time for a shooting excursion. With regard to the rival, we should not have given publicity to this narrative but from reading the following lines in the official record of the battle of Palo Alto—'Killed before the enemy, Captain Paul Dalton, volunteer.'

It will be seen that Cary Wharton suffered not in the end for her fault. But her escape was narrow; and but for one of those Providential occurrences which happen at times, her punishment would have indeed been terrible. The brightest charm of woman is truth and candour, and coquetry is but another word for deceit and falsehood.

THE CLIMATE OF EUROPE.

THE continent of Europe, extending from the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude to the north pole, partakes of considerable diversity of climate; yet, on the whole, it may be brought under those general rules which apply to countries not tropical, but which lie chiefly within the temperate, and partly within the frigid zones. It is interesting to trace these general rules as illustrative of the harmonious adaptations of nature, and instructive to apply them as elucidations of the actual phenomena of particular districts.

The great agencies in the modifications of climate are solar heat and aqueous vapour. Within the tropics these agencies are most powerful, because there the sun's rays fall more directly and more copiously than on any other portions of the earth's surface. Hence, within the torrid zone the mean annual temperature is higher, and the fall of rain greater, than in any other part of the globe; and, as a general rule, it will be found that the degrees of temperature and the quantity of rain decrease from the equator to the pole. Under this general rule, however, there are other modifying circumstances which considerably influence certain localities—such as the elevation of the land above the sea level, the existence of mountain ranges with pointed summits, the proximity of the ocean, and the latitude as regards the eastern and western sides of the land.

In Europe, the mean annual temperature, as a general rule, decreases as we pass from the southern provinces to the northern. Thus in Naples the annual temperature is 63 degrees 5 minutes; Rome, 60 degrees 44 minutes; Paris, 51 degrees 44 minutes; Vienna, 50 degrees 5 minutes; London, 50 degrees; Warsaw, 48 degrees 6 minutes; Upsala, 41 degrees 9 minutes; Moscow, 40 degrees 1 minute; and St Petersburg, 38 degrees 8 minutes. But here another modification occurs. In consequence of the soft and mild nature of the winds which come along the Atlantic Ocean, the whole western coasts of Europe have a milder climate than the eastern portions of the continent or than the central. In the centre of Europe, and on the eastern side, the extremes of climate are greatly felt, the winters being exceedingly cold, while the summers are proportionally hot. Thus the winter of Britain is not colder than that of Milan, though the summer heat is much less intense. The average heat of the month of August in Dublin is about 60 degrees, while in Hungary it is 71 degrees. The insular situation of Britain, surrounded on all sides by an ocean of medium temperature, has this beneficial effect, that while the annual temperature is not lower than portions of the continent of Europe in corresponding latitude, the winter cold or summer heats are not in extremes.

The average summer heat of the southern parts of Europe is from 70 to 75 degrees, while the winter's cold of St Petersburg is 17 degrees. The average temperature of Great Britain is about 48½ degrees. The extreme summer heat rarely exceeds 80 degrees, and more commonly is about 70 degrees, while the winter temperature seldom falls more than a few degrees below the freezing-point of water.

Along with the decrease of temperature, which takes place as we proceed northwards, there is also a decrease of the fall of rain. At the equator the annual fall of rain amounts to 95 inches; in Italy the yearly fall is 45 inches; in the north of Germany it is 22½ inches; and at St Petersburg only 17 inches. The greatest quantity of rain falls along the western coasts of Europe, from the circumstances already alluded to—that the

south and west winds, having an elevated temperature in their progress over the Atlantic, absorb a large proportion of moisture, which moisture is deposited on coming in contact with the land and the cold northern currents which sweep over the north and north-east of Europe. Hence the amount of rain diminishes in the direction from the coasts to the interior of the continent, and becomes least in the north-eastern portions of it. High mountain ranges, with pointed summits, have the effect of increasing the precipitation of rain. This is exemplified in Norway, where the mountains are high, and situated on the western coast; in the great Alpine range, in the centre of Europe; and in the mountainous districts of Britain, where the excess of rain is much greater than in the plains. The same effect does not take place in elevated table-lands. Thus, though the annual average of rain on the west coasts of Spain and Portugal is considerable, on the plateau or table-land of Castile it is as low as 10 inches.

A circumstance worthy of observation is, that in those countries where the greatest amount of rain falls, there are fewest rainy days. In such places the rain is heavy while it lasts, which may be either for a few hours, or a day, or during a stated periodical period, but then the sky clears up, and is serene and untroubled for the rest of the time; whereas in those situations where the whole annual fall of rain may be small, yet there is a drizzling foggy atmosphere kept up almost daily. This latter circumstance, by obscuring the sun's rays, has a considerable effect on the temperature also. The number of rainy days increases as we proceed northwards. Thus at Gibraltar there are only 68 rainy days in the year; in the south of France there are 76; in the peninsula of the Apennines, 89; in the plains of Lombardy, 96; and in Hungary, 112. On the east side of Ireland it rains on 208 days in the year; in the Netherlands on 170; and throughout England, France, and the north of Germany, about 155 days. On the other hand, in the north-east of Europe, in Russia and Siberia, there are months together during the winter season when not a drop of rain falls, nor is a cloud seen to obscure the serene and clear atmosphere. The prevailing winds on the south-west and western parts of Europe blow from the south and south-west, and this accounts for the almost continued precipitations of moisture in those localities; for did a north-east wind always prevail, coming as it does from a long tract of cold and dry continent, it would never rain. Before the south-winds, however, reach the north and north-east of Europe, they have parted with their moisture; and thus these tracts of country are, for the greater part of the year, deprived of rain.

In Europe, as well as in other parts of the globe, there are certain seasons of the year in which a greater quantity of rain falls than in others. Thus, if in a certain district during one of the four quarters of the year a third part of the annual quantity of rain falls, while the remaining two-thirds are divided over the other three periods indiscriminately, we then call the period in which a third part falls the rainy season. In this way the continent of Europe may be divided into three rain provinces: 1st, the province of the winter rains, comprehending part of the southern portions of Europe, from the south-west shores of Portugal along the Mediterranean, embracing Sicily, the southern parts of Italy, Greece, and the Grecian Archipelago; 2d, the province of the autumn rains, comprehending Lapland, part of Sweden, Norway, Britain, South of France, Portugal, Spain, the Alps and Apennine regions, and Hungary; 3d, the province of the summer rains, embracing the interior and central part of the continent, the north of France, Sweden, Germany, Prussia, Poland, and Russia.

The locality in Europe in which the greatest quantity of rain falls is probably Coimbra, in the valley of the Mondego in Portugal. It lies on the western declivity of a mountain range 7500 feet in height, remarkable for the serrated formation of the summit. The observations there made embrace only two years, and

there are doubts about their accuracy; but the annual fall is computed at 225 inches, or, making some deductions, probably 135 inches. In Bergen in Norway, the annual fall is from 82½ to 88½ inches. In a valley of the eastern Alps, at an elevation of 1000 feet, the quantity is from 96 to 106 inches. The fall of rain in Britain varies greatly with the locality. On the eastern coasts generally, the average fall is from 22 to 25 inches; on the western side of the island from 36 to 50 and 60 inches and upwards. The greatest fall of rain takes place in the mountains of Cumberland. During the year 1845, the average fall, as computed in seven stations in the lake district, amounted to 80·382 inches; and the number of rainy days were from 193 to 211.

As might be anticipated from the foregoing statements, the number of snowy days in Europe observe a progressive increase from the south to the north of the continent. Thus, during each winter, Palermo has 2½ snowy days; Rome, 1½; Florence, 1½; Nice, less than ½; Venice, 5½; Milan, 10; Paris, 12; Carlsruhe, 26; Copenhagen, 30; and St Petersburg, 171. In the latter place snow begins to fall in October, and the last snow occurs about the middle of April. In the valleys of southern Europe, where the winter temperature ranges between 47 and 52 degrees, snow can rarely occur, or remain for any time. In the level country around Rome it is very rare, though the summits of the neighbouring mountains, which have an elevation of 2000 to 3000 feet, are frequently whitened with snow. On the chain of the Apennines snow is more plentiful, and lies longer. In Lisbon it occasionally snows, while on the coast of Algarve this phenomenon is unknown. In Gibraltar snow is rare, and ice is never seen thicker than a Spanish dollar. Malta is never visited by snow. During the latter end of winter and early spring, however, many of these localities in the south of Europe are visited by a dry chill north-east wind, which is exceedingly unpleasant and ungenial, particularly to invalids.

As the animal and vegetable kingdoms depend greatly on climate as an element of their vigorous existence, it will be found that those portions of Europe which are most favoured by the genial and moist breezes of the south and west are, with some few exceptions, depending upon elevation and soil, the most fertile and the best adapted for animal existence; while, on the contrary, the central portion of the continent, extending to the north and east, which is more under the influence of the northern winds, is more arid and less productive. Yet nature never leaves any region without its appropriate plants and animals; and when we speak of the salubrity and productiveness of a country, it is in reference to the wants of civilised man alone.

It would appear that the climate most congenial to health is that where, along with a mean annual temperature, not too low, there are the least extremes of heat or cold, or of atmospheric dryness. Thus a country with a mild winter and spring, where the summer may be by no means very warm, is preferable to one with a cold winter and a hot summer; while as little change as possible between the temperature of the night and that of the day is also desirable; nay, it is even supposed that a climate varying almost daily or weekly, though only within the range of a few degrees, is preferable to those countries where a high temperature prevails for some months, and then suddenly changes to a very low one. In the former, the constitution becomes inured to small changes, even though frequent; while in the latter, a greater demand is made upon the vital energies, and the accessory changes of clothing and domestic arrangements are more in extremes. Hence it is that, for invalids, a climate such as Madeira is pitched upon as a model, where the temperature and atmospheric moisture remain pretty stationary throughout the year, and where there is little change between the temperature of night and day. A considerable degree of moisture in the atmosphere appears also to be more favourable for the healthy

existence both of plants and animals than an arid condition. Hence the salubrity of Cornwall, Devonshire, and the west coast of England generally, over the drier but colder east coast, and the same with regard to the west coast of Scotland. To the invalid, in particular, a choice of climate, based on a knowledge of its meteorological qualities, must often be of the greatest consequence.

As man, perhaps of all other living beings, is, both from his physical constitution and his artificial modes of life, most dependent upon climate, so it is pleasing to find that he has the power of modifying it to a considerable extent. There can be no doubt that the climate of Europe has, both generally and locally, been greatly ameliorated by the labours of man. The clearing of forests, the draining of swamps and lakes, and the almost universal culture of the soil, have all tended to open up the surface to the influence of the sun, and to drain off the superfluous moisture. Hence an elevation of the temperature, and a diminution of excessive moisture, both as summer rain and winter snow. And this amelioration, too, appears to be progressive with progress in civilisation. After the clearing of woods and the tillage of the surface had been complete, the late invention of tile-draining, by which the water is carried off from the subsoil, bids fair to produce a farther and marked effect on the climate of Britain.

AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

MR HENRY COLMAN, a citizen of the state of New York, and a distinguished friend of agricultural improvement, has been lately making a pretty extensive tour through the British islands, for the purpose of personally inquiring into the condition of our husbandry and general rural management, with a view to carrying home information which may be useful to his countrymen. We are glad of the visits of such men as Mr Colman. Intelligent, candid, and with an eye only to what is publicly useful, he has produced a volume of reports not only interesting to Americans, but valuable to readers on this side of the Atlantic.* As comparatively few among us can have an opportunity of seeing this remarkable production, we propose to afford it the publicity of our pages.

Mr Colman set sail for England in April 1843, and ever since his arrival he has been touring through the country. Although accustomed to tolerably good agriculture and orderly arrangements in the state of New York, which has now been generally settled for two centuries, he was greatly impressed with the tidy and advanced appearance of things in England, albeit there were some matters which required considerable improvement. The evidences of wealth and liberal outlay of money gave him most surprise. 'An American landing in Liverpool is at once struck with the amount of labour everywhere expended; the docks, and the public buildings, and the lofty and magnificent warehouses, astonish him by the substantial and permanent character of their structure. The railways, likewise, with their deep excavations, their bridges of solid masonry, their splendid viaducts, their immense tunnels, extending in some cases more than two miles in length, and their depôts and station-houses covering acres of ground with their iron pillars and their roofs, also of iron, exhibiting a sort of tracery or network of the strongest as well as most beautiful description, indicate a most profuse expenditure of labour, and are evidently made to endure. He is still more overpowered with amazement when, coming to London, he passes up or down the river Thames, and contemplates the several great bridges—among the most splendid objects which are to be seen in England, two of which are of iron and three of stone—spanning this great thoroughfare of commerce with their beautiful arches, and made as if, as far as human presumption can go, they would bid defiance to the decay and ravages of time. If to this he adds (as,

indeed, how can he help doing it!) a visit to the Thames Tunnel—a secure, a dry, a brilliant, and even a gay passage under the bed of the stream, where the tides of the ocean daily roll their waves, and the mighty barks of commerce and war float in all their majesty and pride over his head, exhibiting the perfection of engineering, and a strength of construction and finish which leaves not a doubt of its security and endurance—he perceives an expense of labour which disdains all the limited calculations of a young and comparatively poor country. He remarks a thoroughness of workmanship which is most admirable, and which indicates a boldness and bravery of enterprise, taking into its calculations not merely years, but centuries to come. We have in America a common saying in respect to many things which we undertake, that "this will do for the present," which does not seem to me to be known in England; and we have a variety of cheap, insubstantial, slight-o'-hand ways of doing many things, sometimes vulgarly denominated "make shifts to do," which we ascribe to what we call Yankee cleverness, of which certainly no signs are to be seen here. The walls enclosing many of the noblemen's parks in England, which comprehend hundreds, and in some cases thousands of acres, are brick walls, of ten and twelve feet in height, running for miles and miles. The walls round many of the farms in Scotland, called there "dikes," made of the stone of the country, and laid in lime, and capped with flat stones resting vertically upon their edges, are finished pieces of masonry. The improvements at the Duke of Portland's at Welbeck, Nottinghamshire, in his arrangements for draining and irrigating, at his pleasure, from three to five hundred acres of land, without doubt one of the most skillful and magnificent agricultural improvements ever made, are executed in the most finished and permanent manner; the embankments, the channels, the sluices, the dams, the gates, being constructed, in all cases where it would be most useful and proper, of stone or iron. These are only samples of the style in which things are done here. The important operations of embanking and of draining, especially under the new system of draining and subsoiling, are executed most thoroughly. The farm-houses and farm buildings are of brick or stone, and all calculated to endure.'

Going on in this strain, he alludes to the amount of private wealth realised by the indomitable industry of the people. 'Under a law of the present government here, levying a tax upon every man's income when it exceeds one hundred and fifty pounds sterling a-year, persons liable to taxation are required to make a just return of their income under a heavy penalty. A confectioner in London returned, as his annual income, the sum of thirty thousand pounds sterling, or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or six times as much as the salary of the president of the United States; which showed at least how skillful he was in compounding some of the sweets of life. A nobleman, it is said, has contracted with a master builder to erect for him, in London, four thousand—not forty—not four hundred—but four thousand houses of a good size for occupation. In some of the best parts of London, acres of land, vast squares, are occupied with large and elegant dwelling-houses, paying heavy rents, in long rows, blocks, and crescents, and all belonging to some single individual. One nobleman, whose magnificent estate was left to him by his father, incumbered with a debt of some hundred thousand pounds, by *limiting*, as it is termed here, his own annual expenditure to thirty thousand pounds, has well-nigh extinguished this debt, and in all human probability will soon have his patrimonial estate free of incumbrance. The incomes of some of the rich men in the country amount to twenty, twenty-five, fifty, one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand pounds sterling, even three hundred thousand pounds annually. It is very difficult for New England men even to conceive of such wealth. A farmer in Lincolnshire told me that the crop of wheat grown upon his farm one year was eighteen thousand bushels. These facts, which have been stated to me by gentlemen in whose veracity I have entire confidence, and who certainly are incapable of attempt-

* *European Agriculture and Rural Economy*, by Henry Colman. Vol. I. Boston: Phelps. London: Wiley and Putnam. 1846.

ing any "tricks upon travellers," show the enormous masses of wealth which are here accumulated.

Accustomed to see rough enclosures dotted over with stumps, the tourist was delighted with the smooth lawns and trim level fields of England; but in the midst of this rural loveliness what dreary wastes and other signs of prodigality appeared. This surprised him very much; for the English have evidently in all things an eye to economical management; there being, however, a singular exception as respects reclamation of wastes, and the extirpation of needless tracts of bush, called preserves. 'There are, occasionally, immense tracts of unenclosed commons, and heaths, and moors, where there is no cultivation, where nothing grows, and, in some cases, little can ever be made to grow; or which, otherwise, are abandoned to the growth of furze or gorse for the protection of the game, and for the pleasures of the chase. These are called preserves, and are leased to sportsmen occasionally; or rather the right to kill game upon them is leased, at a rate which we should deem a high rent even for purposes of cultivation. An eminent agriculturist has shown that in England and Scotland there are full 10,000,000 acres in heath and moor, all susceptible of being brought into productive cultivation. These lands of course remain as they are by voluntary neglect or design.' And, we would add, a very wicked neglect or design—the means of raising food for human creatures being recklessly sacrificed in order to feed and shelter broods of worthless feathered animals.

The smallness of many of the fields, and the wasteful manner in which they are encroached upon by broad hedges, ditches, and stripes of weeds, also somewhat astonish this American. 'In parts of England, the fields are generally small, and of all shapes, often not exceeding four or five acres. It is reported of a farmer in Devonshire that he lately cultivated one hundred acres of wheat in fifty different fields. There must have been here a great waste of land and labour. The loss, likewise, from the fences being a shelter to weeds, and a harbour to vermin, could not be inconsiderable. The statement of an intelligent practical farmer in Staffordshire on the highly-improved estate of Lord Hatherton, whom I had the pleasure of visiting, is well worth recording. Speaking of the farm called the Yew Tree Farm, he says, "The turnip field is sixty-five acres; it was, two years back, at the time I entered upon the farm, in eight enclosures. I have taken up 1914 yards of fence, and intend dividing it into three fields; it will take 800 yards of new fence. The field in which I was subsoiling is forty-two acres; it was in six enclosures. I took up 1264 yards of fence: if I divide this field, it will take 300 yards of new fence. The land Lord Hatherton mentioned on my Deanery Farm was originally in twenty-seven enclosures—ninety-one acres. I took up 4427 yards of fence; it will now lie in five fields, and will take 1016 yards of new fence. I cannot," he adds, "really say what land is gained by the different operations; but some of the fences were from three to four yards or more wide, that the plough never touched; my new fences are upon the level, without ditches. In the whole of the old fences there was a great number of ash-trees, which are all stocked up, as well as a good part of the oak, only leaving a few for ornament and shelter. I think the greatest gain in land will be from getting rid of the trees."

The necessity for getting rid of trees as well as hedges may be acknowledged, yet we would recommend every proper precaution in this species of clearance. Trees and hedges are required for shelter, as well as for rural beauty; and we would emphatically condemn the short-sighted and mean policy which inconsiderately divests the land of these its appropriate coverings. Our American seems to entertain similar feelings on this subject. He speaks with delight of the extensive parks which are to be seen in many parts of the country, and which constitute a truly magnificent feature in English scenery. 'These parks are the open grounds which surround the houses of the rich and noble in the country. By open, I do not mean entirely free from trees, because many of them are exceedingly well stocked with

trees, sometimes standing single, at other times in clumps; sometimes in belts, sometimes in rows, and squares, and circular plantations; and more often scattered, as if they were carelessly thrown down broadcast. The ground under them is kept in grass, and depastured by cattle, sheep, and deer, and affords often the richest herbage. With some exceptions, a plough is never suffered to disturb these grounds; and in the neighbourhood of the house, which is generally placed in the centre of them, the portion which is separated from the rest, as I have observed, by an invisible or sunken fence just now described, for the cultivation of ornamental trees and shrubs, is kept so closely and evenly shorn, that to walk upon it seems more like treading upon velvet than upon grass. Nothing of the kind can be more beautiful; and I never before knew the force of that striking expression of the prince of poets, Milton, of "walking on the smooth-shaven lawn;" for it seems to be cut with a razor rather than with a scythe; and after a gentle shower, it really appears as if the field had had its face washed, and its hair combed with a fine-tooth comb. It is brought to this perfection by being kept often mown; and I have stood by with perfect admiration to see a swarth mowed evenly and perfectly, where the grass to be cut was scarcely more than an inch high.

'These parks which I have described above, as observed, with trees of extraordinary age and size. They are not like the trees of our original forests, growing up to a great height, and, on account of the crowded state of the neighbourhood, throwing out few lateral branches; but what they want in height they gain in breadth; and, if I may be excused for a hard word, in umbrageousness. I measured one in Lord Bagot's celebrated park in Staffordshire; and going round the outside of the branches, keeping within the droppings, the circuit was a hundred yards. In these ancient parks, oaks and beeches are the predominant trees, with occasional chestnuts and ashes. In very many cases I saw the beauty and force of that first line in the pastorals of Virgil, where he addresses Tityrus as "playing upon his lute under the spreading shade of a beech-tree." These trees are looked upon with great veneration; in many cases they are numbered; in some a label is affixed to them, giving their age; sometimes a stone monument is erected, saying when and by whom this forest or this clump was planted; and commonly some record is kept of them as a part of the family history. I respect this trait in the character of the English, and I sympathise with them in their veneration for old trees. They are the growth often of centuries, and the monuments of years gone by. They were the companions of our fathers, who, it may be, were nourished by their fruit, and reposed under their shade. Perhaps they were planted by the very hands of those from whom we have descended, and whose far-sighted and comprehensive beneficence embraced a distant posterity. How many revolutions and vicissitudes in the fortunes of men have they surveyed and survived! They have been pelted by many a storm; the hoarse and swift wind has often growled and whistled among their branches; the lightnings and tempest have many a time bent their limbs and seathed their trunks—but they, like the good and the truly great in seasons of trial, have stood firm, and retained their integrity. They have seen one generation of men treading upon the heels of another, and rapidly passing away; wars have burst forth in volcanic explosions, and have gone out; revolutions have made their changes, and the wheel again returned to its starting-point; governments and princes have flourished and faded; and the current of human destiny has flowed at their roots, bearing onwards to the traveller's bourne one family and one people after another—but they still stand, green in their old age, as the mute yet eloquent historians of departed years. Why should we not look upon them with reverence! I cannot quite enter into the enthusiasm of an excellent friend, who used to say that the cutting down of an old tree ought to be made a capital offence at law; yet I deem it almost sacrilegious to destroy them, excepting where necessity demands it; and I would always advise that an old tree, standing in

a conspicuous station either for use or ornament, should be at least once more wintered and summered before the sentence of death which may be passed upon it is carried into execution. The trees in the park of the palace of Hampton Court are many of them—the horse-chestnut and the lime—of great age and eminent beauty; several straight lines of them forming, for a long distance, the approach to the palace. On a clear bright day, at the season of their flowering, I passed through this magnificent avenue with inexpressible delight. I passed through them again late in the autumn, when the frost had marred their beauty, and the autumnal gales had stripped off their leaves; but they were still venerable in the simple majesty of their gigantic and spreading forms. I could not help reflecting, with grateful emotion, on that beneficent Power which shall presently breathe upon these apparently lifeless statues, and clothe them with the glittering foliage of spring, and the rich and splendid glories of summer. So be it with those of us who have got far on into the autumn, or stand shivering in the winter of life!

The tourist, as might be expected, was also charmed with the almost universal taste for flower cultivation and embellishment. The neat flower-plots before the doors of villas and cottages are the marvel of every foreigner. 'Even the labourer's humble cottage—too seldom, I am compelled to admit, anything but a picturesque object—will occasionally have its flowering shrubs adorning its doorway, and the ivy hanging its beautiful tresses over its window, forming, as it were, a mirror set in a frame of the richest green. The village of Marr in Yorkshire, not far from Doncaster, and the village of Edensor in Derbyshire, near Chatsworth, and the village of Lord Brownlow in Lincolnshire, the best-built and by far the handsomest villages I have yet seen in England, to cottages of an excellent and picturesque construction, monuments of the liberality of their proprietors, add these beautiful rural embellishments of vines, and shrubs, and flowers, and at first blush, compel a reflecting mind to admit the moral influence of such arrangements upon the character and manners of their inhabitants. Churches and ruins, likewise, are often seen spread over with the richest mantling of ivy; and, among many others, the venerable and magnificent remains of Hardwicke Hall, for example, are covered, I may say, in the season of its flowering, with a gorgeous robe of it, matting its sides with indescribable luxuriance, climbing its lofty battlements, and fringing its empty windows and broken arches as though nature would make the pall of death exquisitely beautiful and splendid, that she might conceal the hideousness of decay, and shut from the sight of frail mortals these affecting monuments of the vanity of human grandeur and pride. I have said and written a great deal to my countrymen about the cultivation of flowers, ornamental gardening, and rural embellishments; and I would read them a homily on the subject every day of every remaining year of my life, if I thought it would have the effect which I desire, of inducing them to make this matter of particular attention and care. When a man asks me what is the use of shrubs and flowers, my first impulse always is to look under his hat and see the length of his ears. I am heartily sick of measuring everything by a standard of mere utility and profit; and as heartily do I pity the man who can see no good in life but in pecuniary gain, or in the mere animal indulgences of eating and drinking.

Of the landed proprietors Mr Colman is disposed to think well; and mentions, as evidences of their liberality, that they are satisfied with a return of from two and a-half to three per cent. on their investments. Here he has committed a slight but natural mistake. Landlords, generally, are contented with these comparatively small returns, because, in the circumstances, they can seldom get more. Besides, capitalists invest money in land for another kind of return than rents. Land gives territorial distinction and political power; and for the latter alone, many persons seem not disinclined to forego all direct pecuniary advantages. In this, indeed, lies the true cause of the high price of land in Great Britain—the

reason why a few comparatively unproductive farms are valued at fifty times the price of an equally large and much richer tract of land in the United States.

To us the most interesting part of Mr Colman's book is that in which he describes the condition of the farm labourers; but as his details on this subject are extensive and varied, we must necessarily postpone them, along with some other matters, till another occasion.

ADVENTURES IN THE ARGENTINE.*

A VOLUME lies before us which may be said to be in some respects a literary curiosity. If analysed, it would be found to contain—first, the adventures of a poor little destitute boy of New York, who became eventually a colonel in the army of the Argentine Republic; second, a sketch of political occurrences there during that period; and third, some brief notices—partly given in a chapter at the end, and partly scattered throughout the work—of the state of manners in that portion of South America.

The historical department we shall have little to do with, and for more than one good reason. Though full of interest, and indeed of a species of romantic excitement, it is not sufficiently intelligible to the general reader to be useful. It is intended to illustrate the establishment of the Argentine Republic, Bolivia and Uruguay; but the author plunges suddenly into a detail of battles, murders, and sudden deaths, forgetting that a majority of his readers have only a very confused notion even of the geographical localities of his story, and hardly any at all of their previous position and the train of circumstances which originated the states in question.

The adventures of the author, Colonel King, we cannot so briefly pass over. They form one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography extant; and we shall take some trouble in sifting them from the general details, so as to present a continuous narrative.

'In the year 1817, at the age of fourteen years, I left my native city (New York) in company with a man named Barker, and, without a dollar in my purse, took passage for Norfolk, Virginia. Arrived there, both of our trunks were left as hostage for our passage, and we together strolled into the town. By the sale of a pocket-knife we obtained food, and parted for the day, each seeking some means of employment. On the following day we met, and Barker informed me that he had engaged himself as a school teacher in the country. He had obtained money sufficient to redeem his trunk, which having obtained, we parted; and I stood alone a stranger, without employment, or the means even to purchase a morsel of food. I at length took quarters at the Bell Tavern, where I remained a short time, when, strolling one day along the wharfs, I found a vessel about to sail, bound for Baltimore, and without ceremony took passage to that city. On my arrival at Baltimore I took up my quarters at the house of a Mr Pitcher, hoping speedily to obtain employment, or at least to make myself sufficiently useful to render an equivalent for my board; but at the end of two weeks I was no better off, and my host, with my consent, obtained shipping papers, and placed me on board the brig Wycoona. The landlord received my advance money, and gave me, as an outfit for the voyage, two shirts in addition to the wardrobe then on my back.

'Where the vessel was bound to I neither knew nor inquired; it was all one to me. I had foolishly left my home, and was too proud to return.'

The vessel turns out to be a privateer in the service of the Buenos Ayrean government; and on anchoring at the capital, the youth was set on shore as a useless hand, and wandered into the city with no other worldly riches than his wardrobe tied up in a little bundle. He traversed the streets, gazing eagerly about him, till the name of Flusk on the sign-board of a tavern appeared to look something like English, and he went in. The person at

* Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic; embracing the author's Personal Adventures, with the Civil and Military History of the Country. By Colonel J. Anthony King. London: Longman. 1846.

the bar, taking him for a beggar, told him he had nothing for him; but the poor lad was determined to see Mr Flusk, and Mr Flusk turned out to be a good-natured Irishman, with whom he boarded for several weeks. This time he spent in a vain search for employment, till Mr Flusk himself stepped in to his assistance, and 'got him a master' (M. Coquelet), a Frenchman, who kept a fancy and perfumery store.

'I soon found myself in good quarters. My master was kind to me, and, by assiduity, I soon won his confidence and esteem. With his wife too, who was an amiable lady, I soon became a great favourite; and it is to this family that I am indebted for all that afterwards befell me, whether for good or for ill, during a long series of terrible and bloody years. At this house I first saw a certain officer, of high rank in the service of the republic, who occasionally visited the family of my employer, and from whom I received many little tokens of kindness.

'I remained with Coquelet several months: the necessities of my destitution had all been supplied; my obligations to my friend Flusk were satisfied; and with this relief from anxiety and ease of circumstances came a restless desire for change. I suffered with ennui from confinement to my shop, which seemed to me more as a prison-house than an asylum; and although sincerely gratified for the many manifestations of kindness which I had received from the family, I spoke often and freely to madame of my desire for more active employment. This was at length communicated by the lady to the officer above-mentioned, with a request that he would, if possible, assist me in the attainment of my wish. This officer had already shown me evidences of a "liking;" and immediately after this announcement had been made to him, he sent for me, and said, "My young friend, would you like to enter the army of the republic?"

'Almost choking with joy, I replied, "Senor, nothing would delight me more."

'Very well," said he; "I will see if I can obtain a flag for you."

'A flag! thought I, as the officer left the house. Is it possible that I am to have a commission, and with the rank of *bandero*, at the first step! I made no attempt to conceal my delight, or to check the visions of glory that flitted across my imagination. The officer was true to his promise; and two or three days after this interview, the supreme director, Pursdon, placed in my hands my commission, with the words, "Go now, young man, and make your own way up the ladder of fortune."

On receiving soon after at Santa Fé, from General Ramirez, a commission as ensign in his own corps, the following significant colloquy took place:—

"Anglo-American, the recommendations that you bring have given us great confidence in you. I hope you are a true patriot!"

"General," I replied, "let my actions show to my countrymen that I am always ready to fight for liberty."

"It is very well," said he; "you are now going to fight against General Artega."

"Artega!" said I.

"Yes; the monster who gives no quarter to the officers of an enemy when made prisoners."

"Then we must fight our way, and not become prisoners," I replied.

"True; but do you know his mode of disposing of those who fall into his hands?"

"I have been told that he sews them in raw hides, and leaves them in the sun to perish."

"You have been told rightly, and now know what will be your fate if taken by him in battle."

The ensign was soon after present at a battle—his first battle—against General Artega; and 'a sickening sensation for a few moments held possession of his faculties, and the blood seemed chilling about his heart.' But this did not prevent him from playing his part so well, that, after the action, he was complimented by his commander; and in due time the friendless, homeless, moneyless, hungry wanderer of the streets of Buenos Ayres re-entered the city a successful soldier.

'Anxious to see my old friends again, I obtained leave

of absence for three days, and immediately called at the house of Coquelet. But I shall not attempt to describe the expressions of astonishment and delight with which I was greeted by madame as I entered the shop, wearing the uniform of an adjutant in the republican army. Flinging both hands above her head, and with eyes straining as though they would start from their sockets, she shook my hand with great glee, praised my uniform, talked of my promotion, declared I should be governor yet, and finally insisted that I should spend my whole "leave" at her house. This, however, could not be done; and after taking breakfast with them, I sallied forth to make my obeisance to Flusk and others who, like them, had known me in less propitious times.'

The next battle he was engaged in was against Carrere, and was unsuccessful. He was beaten, and sustained with courage the horrors of a most disastrous flight, which was stopped by a new and more ruthless enemy in front. They fought as long as it seemed possible, and then sent a flag of truce with an offer of capitulation. The officer bearing it was shot without ceremony before their eyes, and, goaded to desperation, they fought again. Most of them were now cut to pieces in the conflict; some were murdered after it was over; and our adventurer, having his ribs fractured by the butt end of a musket, was taken prisoner with about twenty of his comrades, and carried off, his captors assuring them that they would 'shoot them by and by.'

All on a sudden their conductors found themselves prisoners in turn. They had blundered into a division of the antagonist army, and King was again at liberty. Being disabled by his wounds, he set out with a small party for Cordova, but on the route they were attacked by a strong party of the enemy in a corral, or cattle-yard, of a farm-house. Most of the defenders were bayoneted, but a few, after being compelled to march on foot after the victors for some distance, were set at liberty. The majority of these proceeded on their journey, but King and one of his comrades were tempted to return to the cattle-yard to see if anything had been left that could be made useful. 'Among the rubbish, half burned, he found a blanket, and a hat almost rimless; and I found a remnant of scorched calico, of which we made covering for our bodies. Crasey also found a box containing a magic lantern, which had belonged to his own stock of valuables; whereupon he uttered an exclamation of joy. "Here is a prize worth its weight in gold," said he; "with this we can pay our way, and be independent, if we ever come where there are any people."

'We had found among the ruins a remnant of salt beef, from which we made a supper, and tying the remainder in a rag, determined to spend the night where we were. On the next morning we commenced our journey westward, and somewhat at random. As we approached the town of San Luis, a slight shudder came irrepressibly over my frame: we were traversing the very road by which Ramirez had, a short time before, led us to the disastrous onslaught in our last campaign. How different were my sensations from those with which I approached the city of Buenos Ayres the second time! My first visit to this place was in a moment of pride and panoply; now I drew towards it with a calico rag about my person, scarcely sufficient to cover my nakedness, and with a sense of reluctance that would have better become a thief on his way to the justice. I thought, by way of consolation, of the necessary and natural "ups and downs" of life; but, after all my philosophy, I could not resist the conclusion that I was getting my share of the "downs" in a lump. I was, however, but a novice as yet.

'On our arrival, we entered the town with the humility of mendicants. We applied at a house in the suburbs, within a few rods of the place where I received my first wound, and told our story of distress, which obtained for us a little cast-off clothing and food. Clad in more becoming habiliments, I agreed to join Crasey in the exhibition of his magic lantern—partly from necessity, but mostly as a means of concealing my true character—until I should know better what course to pursue, and whether

it would be safe to make myself known to Colonel Ortis. We accordingly took lodgings, and announced our exhibition to take place on the next evening. The time arrived; and Crasey, having borrowed a sheet for the purpose, placed it against the wall of a room, and while he made a display of his fantastic figures, I was stationed at the door of entrance to receive *un medio chelin extrado*, or sixpence, as the price of admission. Our audience quite equalled our expectations; and from the receipts of the evening we realised a profit of about three dollars. The next evening we again exhibited, with like success; but at this exhibition came Colonel Ortis himself, who, notwithstanding my disguise, recognised me. "What!" he exclaimed, "my old friend!" then checking himself, he added in an under-tone—"Call at my house when your exhibition is over;" and without saying more, he passed into the apartment.

He was recommended to leave the town instantly; and he and his companion Crasey set out, as poor as ever, on a journey over the Andes, and in two months arrived at the town of San Juan. Here King, with his usual fortune, was thrown into a dungeon without being told of what he was accused. "My heart, late so buoyant with hope, fell with the heaviness of lead; for I well knew that in these cells were confined none but prisoners of state, few of whom ever quitted their incarceration but to meet an execution in the prison-yard. Thus confined, the prisoner awaits in solitude the decision of a despot. From day to day, from hour to hour, perhaps for months, he may remain; and when at length an officer enters the prison-house, holding a sealed packet in his hand, and invites the prisoner forth, none know its contents until the parties have reached the yard. Here the packet is opened: if it direct his release, he is set at liberty; if it command his death, he is immediately shot. I was at once placed in a cell, *entro porto* (or between two doors). My cell being about four feet wide by twelve in length, with a small grating at the top of the wall over one of the doors, through which I could see in the distance the snow-clad summits of the Cordilleras, and a corresponding grating at the opposite end, from which I could see only the tops of the orange-trees in a neighbouring garden, with their golden fruit flashing in the sunlight." In three months he was liberated on condition of transferring his services to the state of Alto Peru, and immediately a magical change took place in his fortunes. The scene is the town of Tucuman, which he had reached on his way. "Having now the means, I lost no time in procuring a uniform becoming my rank, and immediately found myself in a position which gave room for the enjoyment of social pleasure; the first, indeed, that I had known during a period of about six years, which I had now spent in the republics of South America. Our evenings were passed at balls and conversational parties, and I entered into the spirit of their enjoyments with all the eagerness of one who had been long severed from the cheering influences of civil life. Surrounded with beauty, fashion, and luxury, and with the most distinguished and wealthy for my companions, I went on through the torrent of gaiety with a bewildering sense of happiness, and, for the first time since I had taken arms, looked forward with a feeling of discontent to the moment when I should receive orders to renew our march." This did not last long. The scene changes. "Soured in temper with my sickness, hardships, and ill-usages, I felt little of the spirit of kindness for any one, and less desire to associate with any of my kind. I had as yet met with nothing but reverses and toil; and in all my sufferings from year to year, not the sound of a single sympathetic voice had fallen upon my spirit to check or soften its growing asperities. No compensation had I ever received, and my clothing was little better than rags. I became moody and taciturn, and often, in my most sombre moods, I drew my garro (cap) over my brow, and wrapped myself closely in my own miserable thoughts. I sat beneath a porch of the shanty that furnished quarters for my relief, when I perceived a Spanish gentleman on the road, moving with his splendid horse-trappings, servants, and two heavy trunks carried by mules, towards Humaguaca.

He had somehow passed my outer picket unobserved, and rode by me with a careless glance.

"Ah, my fine fellow," thought I, "you look on me with contempt; but you little think that you must ride back again!"

"At a quarter of a mile he was hailed by my inside picket, and his passport being unsigned by me, he was brought back again. I appeared not to notice him as he returned, and heard him ask the guard—"Who is your commandant?"

"That is he, senior, upon the porch."

"That!"

"The don raised his hat, and approached me bowing. "Senor Commandanté," said he, "will you oblige me by giving a passport!" at the same time handing me the paper.

"Sit down, senior," said I, pointing to a bench that stood near, and glancing at the passport, which I found correct. "Now, senior," said I, "if you will tell me what you thought of me as you rode past, I will sign your passport."

"He hesitated."

"Speak out, senior; I think I know your thoughts. Speak truly."

"To tell the truth, then," he replied, "I thought you were a beggar."

"I endorsed his passport, and he went on." Matters got worse and worse. A great battle is fought, and lost; and in his flight our adventurer and his comrades fall into the hands of a body of Indians, ornamented by a button passed through the lower lip. "We found here a people numbering about two thousand, and living almost in the primitive simplicity of nature, inoffensive and happy; their home a seeming paradise, and their wants but few and easily gratified. Their women were perfectly beautiful, with skins clear and transparent, softened only by the colour of their climate; their features oval, and without the high cheek-bone of the North American Indians; their graceful forms, which had never known the restraint of stay or bodice; their lithe and active limbs; and, above all, an air of chaste and modest purity, commanded alike the admiration and respect of our whole company." A quarrel occurs with the innocent and happy savages through the villany of one of the civilised men; but the refugees find it easy to escape by simply marching off after dusk, the superstition of the Indians forbidding them to interfere at an hour when the dreaded Spirit of the night has charge of the world.

They arrive at Oran ragged and dirty, and the officers are invited by the governor to a ball. "With a very awkward grace we followed his excellency to an apartment of magnificence, where glittering forms of beauty flitted across our vision, causing a contrast with the scenes from which we had just emerged that was to me even painful. As I entered the room, a lady, with the form of a sylph, left her seat and came hastily towards me with a sweet smile, saying playfully, "Cavallero, I'll wash your shirt."

"I now perceived it to be the Dona Cacinta R—, who had recognised me, and I replied in the same strain, "Senora, 'tis but half a one!" Matters, however, begin to mend. He receives his commission as colonel, and is in command of seven hundred men, when he takes it into his head to visit a neighbouring town. Here he is felled to the ground by a brawny friar for not observing the procession of the Host in time to get out of its way; and on the same day he is arrested for the crime, and lies in a dungeon for three months. At the end of that period the friar calls on him, and offers him his liberty if he will become a Catholic. He declines. "Then only say you are a Catholic." He is still obdurate. "You will not say the word!" "No." "Then I will;" and he is speedily at liberty. He returns to Oran, and finds the governor deposed, his regiment disbanded, and himself a total stranger. Friendless, penniless, and alone, the adventurer betakes himself again to the road, in the hope of finding his way once more to Buenos Ayres. He is lodged and fed at a town on the road by the charity of an old woman; and, selling his sword, he proceeds on the

strength of its produce (a few shillings), till at a village he makes the acquaintance of a gentleman whose son had served with him in the field, and had been slain—or rather murdered—by the enemy. From this place he proceeds to Cordova, with only one arrest and imprisonment on his way; and on arriving there, an incident occurs which changes his whole fortune. 'During my present stay in Cordova I became acquainted with, and married, the Dona Juana—a connexion of Governor Bustos—of good family, finished accomplishments, and the most perfect gentleness and amiability of disposition. By this marriage I became instantly transported from a state little removed from absolute poverty to one of luxury and wealth.' After this he meets with another incarceration, and narrowly escapes with his life; but thenceforward the narrative is almost entirely historical; and in 1841 (his wife having previously died) he finally returned to the United States, after a course of adventure as singular and various as perhaps exists on record. His revelations of the atrocities committed in the course of the broils in which he was engaged, impart a fresh horror of war and all its abettors.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH COMMERCIAL TERMS.

A CONSIDERABLE proficiency in French will often leave one ignorant of many words and phrases which meet the eye and ear on visiting France. The reason is, that in French as well as in English dictionaries a great variety of terms in daily use do not make their appearance. 'A Manual of Commercial Terms in English and French,' by Mr Spiers, a teacher of our language in Paris, has just been issued,* with the view of remedying this acknowledged deficiency of ordinary dictionaries. We observe in the work a vast variety of terms, the knowledge of which to the traveller in France, or to the reader of French newspapers, will prove of considerable service. Let us offer a few examples.

D'Occasion. This is a puzzling word in many French shop-windows: it signifies second-hand, or a good opportunity for bargains.

Caisse d'épargne; savings' bank, but literally a box for savings.

Joueur à la baisse. Literally a player or speculator on a fall; and the only term the French have for a bear on 'Change. For a bull or speculator on a rise, they have *hausser*, from *hausser*, to rise.

Jouet, a toy; but a dealer in toys is called *Bimbelotier*, from *bimbelot*, a child's plaything. This word suggests the French for doll, which is *poupée* (whence puppet). It is doubtful whether our word doll is an abbreviation of *idol*, or from the old French word *dol*—trumpery; the question is worthy of archaeological investigation.

Cafetier, coffeehouse-keeper. The French language excels in this short mode of defining professions; for example—*maroquinier*, morocco-tanner; *magisier*, leather-dresser; *diamantaire*, diamond-cutter; *forblatier*, tin-smith; *cloutier*, nail-maker; *papetier*, paper-maker. In some cases, however, the English professional terms are shorter; for instance, *tobacconist*, marchand de tabac—which looks very droll over the door of a petty shop. The power of putting the adjective before the substantive also gives the English tongue a great advantage; as insurance-clerk, *commiss chargé des assurances*; steamboat, *bateau à vapeur*; cotton-broker, *courtier pour les cotons*; eight-day clock, *horloge qui marche huit jours*.

Arrhes, earnest-money. This is a word well known to travellers in France, it being customary and useful as a measure of precaution to pay, on booking, only a part of the sum demanded for a place in the diligence, the remainder being settled on arrival at the destina-

tion. The Scotch word *aries* has precisely the same meaning.

The word *arrhes* reminds us of a French word which, strangely enough, is not in the 'Manual,' this is *bulletin*, the ticket given by diligence offices, on which the amount of *arrhes* is marked. It is important for all travellers to seek and receive a bulletin, whether they pay the whole or part of their fare; for not having this they are at the mercy of the conducteur, and may be left behind at any mid-way station without recourse.

Gants de fil d'Ecosse, thread gloves. *Toile à torchons d'Ecosse*, Oznaburg. This introduction of *d'Ecosse* into the names of thread and tissue articles is common in the shop-windows of Paris. We never knew that Scotland produced so many crack articles till we visited France.

Maison meublée, a house with the principal movables. Another phrase is, however, as commonly in use—*Maison garni*, a house entirely furnished. *Appartement garni* is seen universally.

Porcelaine, china. It seems somewhat stupid in the English to have given the name of the country to the pottery brought from it.

Failli, a bankrupt; *Faillite*, bankruptcy. Our word bankrupt, as is well known, is from the Italian *banco rotto*, a broken board; it having been the practice in Italy to break the benches of those money-changers who became insolvent. The spelling of bankrupt is modern, the Latin *ruptus*, broken, being substituted for the Italian *rotto*. According to Shakespeare—

———'dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt the wits;

from which it may be inferred that bankrupt was the old orthography. The French employ *banqueroute*, but only in a bad sense, as *banqueroute frauduleuse*. Possibly this was the true original application of *banco rotto*.

Sel Anglais, Epsom salts. Those who wish to buy *sel de cuisine* will of course avoid asking for *sel Anglais*.

Savon, soap. Last time we were in Paris the walls were covered with a huge placard about *Savon ponce*. Everywhere the eye turned it met this universal *savon ponce*. What was *savon ponce*? *Savon ponce* was soap made with an intermixture of sand, which, like the strigel of the ancients, was to act mechanically on the skin—a kind of blending of brush and soap in one article—mechanics and chemistry in harmonious combination; a capital thing no doubt for the hands of chimney-sweepers and locomotive engine-drivers, but not altogether suitable for skins of lesser delicacy. *Savon ponce*, however, had a great run for a length of time among the Parisians; the madness, I am told, has latterly worn off, possibly along with the skins of the too-easily gulled purchasers. Mr Spiers gives the names of twenty-six kinds of *savon* in his *Manual*, and yet *savon ponce* is not amongst them.

Pharmacien, a dealer in medicines. The English, without reason, apply the term chemist to a person of this profession; and the Scotch, as unreasonably, call a druggist's shop a laboratory.

Acquitté, paid; put at the bottom of bills.

Plombé, leaded. When a traveller arrives on the frontiers of France, a custom-house officer, after examining his luggage, asks if he wishes it *plombé*; that is, fastened up with lead, on which a seal is impressed. If not *plombé*, the luggage is liable to be inspected by other officers at the entrance to different towns; but if *plombé*, it goes free through the country. It has been one of the much-complained-of annoyances that mail packages from India to England must undergo the formality of being *plombé* on entering France.

Roulage, carrying by wagon (from *roue*, a wheel). There is also a term, *Roulage accéléré*, quick wagon carriage; but the thing signified exists only in the imagination.

Carri, caraway. The Scotch say *carry*.

Une fois, deux fois, trois fois, adjugt, going, going, going, gone (at auctions).

Note, bill of reckoning at a hotel.

We need not pursue examples; the Manual, though in some respects deficient, will prove exceedingly useful to the traveller as well as the corresponding clerk of the English counting-house.

WAR SCENES.

[This paper is from the pen of a veteran soldier who has spent his life amid such scenes and incidents as he attempts to depict. We give it not so much for literary reasons, as for the interest which attaches to it as the views of a soldier on the subject of war.]

THOSE who have seen the most of war—those even who have won their honours on the most brilliant battle-fields—are generally foremost in making efforts for the preservation of peace. They have witnessed so many of the dire effects of war, so much misery, affliction, and demoralisation, that, unless in the defence of their country against the attacks of a foreign foe, they would neither willingly again draw the sword themselves, nor sanction its being unsheathed by others.

It has fallen to my lot to witness many scenes of warfare; and I intreat those who may have visions of glory, conquest, and so forth, to bear with me whilst I endeavour to convince them, by a brief retrospect, and by the reflections naturally arising therefrom, that nothing can counterbalance the unspeakable advantages of peace. What sounds are those which fill the air? The drums and trumpets of a division of an army approaching a town, in a country which is the theatre of war. They are national and friendly troops; but their arrival does not produce any pleasurable feeling in the breasts of the inhabitants. They are worn out. Yesterday the town was occupied by a brigade of the enemy's forces, which had only marched out in the morning; and although it was a disciplined force, it had left disastrous traces behind it. In every house numbers of officers and privates had been billeted; the authorities had been peremptorily called upon to supply rations and forage for the brigade; not a corner nor a nook in the greater part of the houses had been left unexplored; and the sacredness of domestic quietude had been infringed upon. The townspeople had scarcely made a perceptible progress in the restoration of their dwellings to something approaching to their usual state, and were just preparing to seek some repose, and were congratulating one another on the prospect of a quiet night, when their ears were assailed by martial sounds. And now their homes are again crowded with military; fresh demands are made for supplies; fresh anxieties, alarms, and toils fall upon them. This sad state of things lasts throughout the war. There are neither homes, nor domestic peace, nor security. The spirit of the people at length becomes broken, and family ties are rent asunder by the strong temptations to which the youthful members are exposed by a continual succession of authorised intruders—many of whom are intriguing and immoral, as may easily be supposed when the heterogeneous materials of which even the best-regulated armies are composed are taken into consideration. If open towns or villages are thus exposed, how dreadful is the condition of a fortified place when besieged by a powerful army, and defended by a competent and determined garrison! For weeks and weeks the showers of shot and shell from the enemy's batteries pour into, and burst over, the devoted town without intermission. Alarm and dismay are stamped upon every countenance; women and children are huddled together under ground, or in places where there may be a chance of shelter; many are crushed to death by the ruins of their falling dwellings; heaps of slain incumber the streets; great numbers of houses are on fire; the starving people crawl about the perilous streets in search of alimant of the most revolting description; they are parched with thirst, and there is no water; a horrible contagious fever breaks out; the livid corpses are piled up in the streets, for the

survivors are too weak to bury them; and the soldiers, decimated by the enemy's fire or by disease, can render no assistance, for they are at their posts in the batteries. At length a breach is made in the walls, the assault commences, and the forlorn-hope is led by gallant officers. Down, down are many brave fellows hurled into the ditch; those who follow them share the same fate in great numbers; but others scramble over the dead bodies of their comrades; the defenders are slaughtered or driven back, and the place is taken by storm. Alas for human nature! Cruelty and the most revolting scenes of depravity are perpetrated, perhaps during two or three awful days and nights, by an unbridled soldiery, amidst flames and explosions! The shrieks of the victims are unheeded, and the officers in vain exert themselves to stay the frightful torrent of human infamy. At last the savage turmoil ceases, and an awful silence ensues—the silence of exhausted vice, intemperance, and death! And wherefore this letting loose of all the bad passions, this agony, these frightful deaths! Perhaps for a matter in dispute between two potentates, who are awaiting the result in their luxurious palaces afar off—a dispute for which the harmless people care not one straw. Peradventure a crown is claimed by one branch of a royal house, and is possessed by another; or the case may be that a portion of territory belonging to a neighbouring state (a territory snatched ages ago from the aborigines) is coveted in order to round a district, or with the view of creating popularity for the head of a republic, so as to insure his re-election. But is it not monstrous and humiliating that the people should be thus tortured, and stricken to the earth, and exposed to these demoniac assaults, on account of such personal evils and ambition!

Come with me to the battle-field. What fury! what carnage! The cries and groans of the wounded and dying are unheeded; and those whose hearts have been at all times, in their private capacities, open to appeals, however feeble, from their suffering fellow-creatures, now, in the excitement of the moment, rush upon, or gallop over, enemies or comrades indiscriminately. Many, in the very height of their fell onslaught, are in their turn laid low by bullet, lance, or sword, and lift up their imploring hands on the approach of other hosts who are overthrowing every obstacle to their advance or retreat.

The battle is won. The hostile forces are vanquished, and their artillery captured; a dynasty has been changed; a so-called 'balance of power' established; or a political principle vindicated. Grandiloquent proclamations and manifestoes are now published; rejoicings take place in cities, towns, and villages; and promises are made which, it is almost certain, will never be realised. It is more than probable that the remedy will be worse than the disease; that, whether from hollow professions, or the frustration of honest intentions by after-intrigues, the ostensible object for which so much suffering and slaughter were incurred will be cast entirely into the back-ground.

Let us now visit one of the field hospitals, whither the wounded are conveyed during and after a battle. Here, in a hamlet half in ruins, from having been the scene of various conflicts in the course of the military operations, lie some of the victims of war. The military surgeons are doing all that skill and humanity can accomplish to alleviate this accumulation of human suffering. One amputates a shattered limb; another probes a wound with scientific and gentle hand; whilst many a poor, prostrate creature, severely wounded, casts his imploring eyes towards the over-occupied surgeons, hoping that his case may be the next to be attended to. On a sack filled with straw lies a fine young man; there is blood upon his clothing; a musket bullet has lodged in his shoulder. He speaks not, but his lips are distended, and display a fine set of teeth clenched together: this gives a grinning yet anguished expression to his countenance. Poor fellow! his eyeballs seem starting from their sockets with almost speaking anxiety. Poor fellow! he has been stricken with lock-jaw; he will in all probability die a lingering death from starvation. No food, no liquid can pass his lips; the portals of alimant are

closed; and it is to be feared that no human skill can reopen them.

From the hospital it is but a few steps to the dead-house, where the bodies of those whose wounds have produced fatal effects are deposited for a few hours previously to receiving sepulture. In a corner of the hovel lie the mutilated remains of several gallant men. What a fine head crowns that trunk!—for it is but a trunk. This man must have been a soldier of some years' standing; his head is rather bald, and the hair on his temples is thin and grizzled. The expression of his countenance, even in death, is noble and placid; his head is pillowed on the shoulder of a pale youth, whose strength had not been sufficient to resist the wasting effects of his wounds. What can compensate the widow of the stalwart veteran, or the mother of the young man who had not yet attained his full strength, for their bereavements?

Hard by lies the body of a man whose face had been frightfully gashed by a sabre-cut, and one of whose arms had been amputated; mortification ensued, and he died, without pain, after much previous suffering. Bandaged limbs and heads—awful disfigurements from gun-shot wounds or from gashes in the face—these are the marks of the sufferings of those whose corpses add to the horrible heap.

I will not pursue this sad theme any farther. I have sketched a very faint outline only of what I have witnessed on the dread theatre of war. Its evils, however, do not cease with the enormous amount of physical suffering which it occasions: the demoralisation consequent upon war is beyond description. By degrees, and from repeated temptations, backed by bad examples, many a virtuously-disposed individual becomes habitually immoral in conversation and practice. A wandering and unsettled course of life begets a reckless state of mind; there is no home feeling, no magnet to attract, as is the case on occasional absences from the domestic circle on business or for recreation. The soldier becomes, by degrees, indifferent to aught but contrivances for securing his own personal conveniences on the march or in quarters: where good principles have begun to take root on a soil perhaps naturally prone to moral weakness, they almost inevitably perish under the influence of the contaminated atmosphere of the camp in time of war: and crimes which would never have suggested themselves to the mind, or been possible in the ordinary course of life, are committed without reflection and without remorse.

Cupidity, too, is fostered to a great extent in war time. The supplies for large armies in the field must be obtained at any cost: it is necessary to have recourse to intermediary persons in order to procure them; and the door is opened to peculations and malversations of all kinds, which are practised and connived at, and ramified indefinitely. At the termination of a war, some parties may have accumulated large fortunes, whilst others, who have been living in reckless luxury far beyond their original sphere or legitimate means, are suddenly reduced to a mere pittance, and the artificial wants they have acquired lead them, perhaps, to the commission of dishonourable deeds in order to supply them. The country is exhausted and burdened with liabilities which it takes years and years of heavy taxation of the people to liquidate; and it is very likely that just as the nation is beginning to recover itself—when new paths for prosperity are being discovered, and fresh sources for the employment of the industrious and scientific classes are becoming developed—at this fair and auspicious moment, when the fruits of a long peace are just within the people's reach, another political convulsion casts them again on the brink of the dreadful gulf of war.

I say that, inasmuch as that great power—steam—has brought into rapid and continued intercourse far-distant nations which, in our grandfathers' days, were almost unknown to each other—that intercourse being calculated to humanise the people, and to foster the elements of peace—so, amidst the wondrous changes in every division of the world and of society which have been accomplished in our day, it would be well if a high court of arbitration were established for the settlement of conflicting political

points, and thus prevent bloodshed and the perpetration of crime for the attainment of objects which are not of the slightest importance to the masses who are the main supports of the social fabric.

THE REAL AND IDEAL.

I saw her as she once did seem—
A form that haunts the poet's dream;
A ray from high, a moment felt,
With power to gladden and to melt;
A white cloud wandering in the sky,
So filled with heavenly light, the eye
Forgets that from our own dark earth
That thing of glory had its birth.

Sweet sister! even so didst thou
Appear—and so I see thee now:
Thy calm eyes, and thy silky hair,
Thy cheek so pure, and pale, and fair,
That when my soul thus dwells on thee,
I almost doubt if thou couldst be
(So heavenly bright, so meekly mild;
A fading flower, an earthly child!

Again I saw her, and though years
Had passed that filled my eyes with tears,
I knew that form, where Womanhood
Her summer bloom had gently strewed:
And on her fair arm one did lean,
With love confiding and serene,
On whose gray hairs she fixed her eyes
In playful, and yet pensive guise.

And as he folded to his breast
His darling child, and praised and blessed,
For very joy the old man wept:
Oh what an icy chillness crept
Throughout my veins, when that fair scene
I knew was but what might have been—
The blasted hope, the withered bloom,
That sleeps within her early tomb!

DEFENCE OF THE GOOSE.

It is a great libel to accuse a goose of being a silly bird. Even a tame goose shows much instinct and attachment; and were its habits more closely observed, the tame goose would be found to be by no means wanting in general cleverness. Its watchfulness at night-time is, and always has been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with an organ of self-preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, or hen, or pig; but I defy you to drive over a tame goose. As for wild geese, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped, that is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling, are all extremely acute; independently of which they appear to act in so organised and cautious a manner when feeding or roosting, as to defy all danger. Many a time has my utmost caution been of no avail in attempting to approach these birds; either a careless step on a piece of gravel, or an eddy of wind, however light, or letting them perceive the smallest portion of my person, has rendered useless whole hours of manœuvring.—
Wild Sports of the Highlands.

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